PAUL FLANDERS,
BOX 547, CARMEL

# THE CARMEL CYMBAL

1920

TEN CENTS

# LIBRARY PLANS ARE ADOPTED

TENTATIVE plans for the form of structure which will develop as the Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library of Carmel have been adopted by the board of library trustees following a conference with Bernard Maybeck, well known architect, who has incorporated in a prospective design ideas as set forth in the will of Ella Reid Harrison who died here in 1922.

The building as proposed by Maybeck is particularly adaptible for the property at Lincoln street and Ocean avenue. It will be built in an ell shape, the building forming two sides of a square court open on the two streets. The walls will be of stucco and the roof of red tile. The entrance from the court will be into a rotunda where the librarian's desk will be placed. To the east will be a reading room, 25 by 65 feet. In the west wing will be a the children's room, 19 by 23 feet in size. On a mezzanine floor will be a "Browning Room", as suggested by Mrs. Harrison, 17 by 25 feet in size, to be used for a study room. This room will contain many of the rare volumes Mrs. Harrison owned and left to the city. Under this mezzanine floor will be the main stack room. Under the children's room will be a room eventually to be used as a public assembly hall.

The library building as planned will have a capacity of 18,000 volumes, but will be so constructed that space for 10,000 additional volumes will be available.

## Our Drama Moving Over The Mountain

THE GOLDEN BOUGH subscription campaign is over, with the quota of 300 filled and a few over for good measure. With its completion drama in Carmel ceases to be as intensely a local expression as before. The entire Peninsula will be represented at the "first nights" of the subscription plays. From Monterey and Pacific Grove and from the farther away points of Salinas and Watsonville has come a hearty show of interest. A great many people in these places apparently had little knowledge of affairs theatrical on the other side of Monterey hill. Inasmuch as it is partly upon these communities that the larger expansion of Carmel drama depends, such interest should be more widely encouraged than it is.

"They Knew What They Wanted", the first play of the season, is now in intensive rehearsal. O'Neil's "The Hairy Ape," pre-eminently a tragedy, and the wholy comic play, "2 times 2 are 5" are cast and in preparation. As for the last three plays—they are to be chosen, according to announcement, by the subscribers and for this purpose meetings will shortly be announced.

This is the first subscription season to be launched in Carmel and its importance is not trivial. Dramitics are hereby placed on a firmer footing, support is assured before the plays are produced and, in the words of Edward Kuster, director, "this working arrangement, founded on the experience of the New York Theatre Guild and the Brimingham Repertory Theatre in England is practically indispensable to munity as a western creative center for modern drama."

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Can You Beat That?
AND A
BANK APPROVES THE INVESTMENT
ACT AT ONCE
For Interview, Write
HOWARD C. CRITTENDEN
CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

# 'One of the Family' To Be Repeated for Teachers' Institute

SET DOWN on the program of events to take place at the institute of teachers from Monterey, San Luis Obispo, Santa Cruz and San Benito counties, to be held at Monterey next week, is a repeat performance of "One of the Family", the clever comedy success of the Arts and Crafts theater in Carmel last month.

Although the teachers will be given first opportunity to see the show, there will be a limited number of tickets sold to the public at the Palace Drug Store in Carmel. Many were unable to see the show two weeks ago and others will want to see it again and the opportunity to get the seats will be available for only a short time.

"One of the Family" ranks high among the successes of the Arts and Crafts players for the past year.

## Delos Curtis Making Canes For Children

THERE'S one merchant in this community who seems to be actually sorry that Carmel has grown within the past ten years. The growth has resulted in his inability to give the children of the town a Christmas tree and individual gifts thereon.

Delos Curtis did this until a year ago when he was compelled to stop. As he expresses it: "When there were only about a hundred and fifty of them I could do it, but now there are more than three hundred and—well, it's just impossible."

But this year, as has been his custom also for the past fifteen years, Delos Curtis will distribute to the children of the Sunset School on the last day before the Christmas vacation, more than 225 candy canes, each a foot and a half in length and each made by his own hands.

Curtis laments the passing of his Christmas tree, but comments that even more delightful things than that have had to give way to progress.

## NEW BOOKS IN CARMEL LIBRARY

The Dark Dawn.....Ostenso
Joanna Godden Married.....Kaye-Smith
Harvey Garrard's Crime.....Oppenheim
It Happened in Peking.....Milne
The Great God Brown and Six Other Plays .....Eugene O'Neill
Bellarion .....Sabatini
Gallant Lady .....Widdemer
The D'Arblay Mystery.....Freeman
Dr. Doolittle's Caravan.....Lofting
In Barbary.....Alex Powell
Shot Towers.....McIntyre
The Fire of Desert Folk.....Ossendowski

## GIFT BOOKS FOR CHILDREN LISTED AT THE LIBRARY

Through the interest of Mrs. Hester Hall Schoeninger, there has been placed in the Carmel Library, a list of books compiled by the Francis W. Parker School of Chicago. This list covers consecutive reading that carries the child from the first grade through high school. It begins with "Books that the child can read alone", then "books that children can read with help", including both prose and poetry,also travel, biography, adventure, science and books for recreational reading as well as for study. An invitation is extended to those who plan to give books as Christmas gifts to girls or boys, to come to the Library and inspect this list. It will aid in wise selection.

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at All Prices
for All Occasions

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ARTS *and* CRAFTS THEATER

*Special Repeat Performance for the TEACHERS' INSTITUTE*

*presents*

ONE OF THE FAMILY

a COMEDY *by*
KENNETH WEBB

*A limited number of Tickets for the Public on Sale at Palace Drug Company*

GEORGE BALL
PRODUCING DIRECTOR

WEDNESDAY EVENING
DECEMBER 15 :: :: :: 1926

## PERSONAL MENTION

MARTIN MERLE has taken "The Firefly" cottage on Carmelo street for the winter. Mr. Merle is a cousin of Martin Flavin and is also a playwright.

* * *

Mrs. S. A. Athearn and a party, who were in Carmel for several days, have returned to Berkeley.

* * *

Mr. Eli Rubenstein is leaving shortly for New York City on a business trip. He will be away for several weeks.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Chapel Judson of Pebble Beach have been in Berkeley this week.

* * *

Mrs. Yodee Remsen has gone to San Francisco to attend the Junior League festival.

* * *

Joseph Hooper was in Carmel for several days this week with his mother.

* * *

Mrs. Higginbotham and Miss Vivian Higginbotham have returned from their recent visit to San Francisco.

* * *

Mr. Jack Flanner, who has been in France for several years, is now in Connecticut and will join Mrs. Flanner and their children in the near future.

* * *

Miss Flavia Flavin spent a few days in San Jose with her grandmother Mrs. Frank Kelly.

* * *

Mr. E. H. Woelke and Miss Woelke occupied the Mary Austin cottage for a few days last week. Mr. Woelke was formerly editor of the Sunset Magazine.

* * *

Miss Constance Vander Roest was in San Francisco over the week-end.

* * *

Mrs. Elisha Clark, Mrs. Theodore Criey and Mrs. Elizabeth Bigelow have motored to Los Angeles. They expect to be gone about a week.

* * *

Dr. Josephine Young, Dean of Women at Wellesley College, is at Highlands Inn for several days.

* * *

Mr. Paxton Howard is in Carmel and is planning to build a home on Dolores street between Eleventh and Twelfth.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Brook Cuddy and their two children of Cleveland have taken a house near the new Country Club for the winter.

* * *

Mr. Eric Wilkinson and Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams are going on a shooting trip to Los Banos for a few days.

* * *

W. C. Farley sauntered down into the San Luis Obispo country last Sunday and accomplished the limit in the matter of quails in no time at all. Farley says he used to know that country so well that he could walk to a covey of quails in any given square mile. He's not so well acquainted with it now, but at that he didn't do so bad.

* * *

Jean Leidig, daughter of the fire chief, celebrated her ninth birthday anniversary with a blow-out last Saturday afternoon with festivities that included a visit to "Bigger Than Barnum's" at the Golden State Theater and an after-matinee refreshment at the Sweet Shoppe in the San Carlos Hotel, and a personnel made up of Barbara Lewis, Katherine Overstreet, Mazine Harbolt, Jean Hollingsworth, Sylvia Flanner, Alice Meckenstock and Phyllis Main.

* * *

Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter has returned from Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. Mrs. Porter also visited the Ojai Valley School where she attended the Harvest Festival in which her daughter Valentine played Autumn.

* * *

Guests at Pine Inn are: J. Buckle, Carmel; Mrs. J. M. Mendell, Berkeley; T. Johnston, Oakland; Mrs. J. T. Fulton, Carmel; Elmer M. Mason, San Jose; Marcus M. Matlock, San Jose; Mrs. T. L. T. Lond, St. Louis; Ruby Hogan, Los Angeles; Mr. Vernon Sperry, Los Angeles; Mrs. Agness Edwards, Los Angeles; Sir Percy Hodgkins, Cheltenham, England; Mrs. W. D. Bevin, Syracuse; Mrs. Robert T. Gere, Syracuse, New York; Mrs. W. Rubottom, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Laurence W. Fox Jr., San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Matheson, Long Beach; Mrs. J. Gordon Turnhill, Detroit; B. C. Flynn, San Francisco; Mrs. Dearborn Clark, San Francisco.

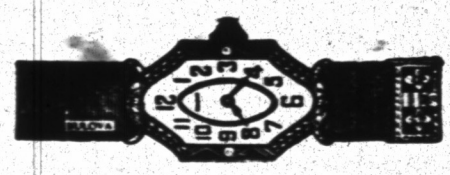
## REHEARSALS FOR CHRISTMAS CAROLS BEGIN SUNDAY WEEK

Plans for the Community Christmas tree festivities this year have reached the point of rehearsals for the singing of the Christmas carols and the first of these will be held at the Sunset School Sunday afternoon, December 19, at 3 o'clock. All who wish to assist in the celebration this year are urged to be present at this rehearsal. Fenton Foster will direct the carol singing.

The Community Christmas tree has been made possible through the generosity and tireless efforts of Mrs. Philip Gordon. It will stand at the foot of the hill at Ocean and Mountain View avenues. The city will aid in illuminating it.

## REV. TERWILLIGER TO TALK ON EDUCATION AND RELIGION

"The Object of Education and Its Religious Foundation" is the subject of the morning sermon next Sunday of Rev. I. M. Terwilliger at the Carmel Community Church. Parents, teachers and students are urgently invited. Before the sermon the monthly Junior Congregation will be held for the older children of the Church School, and an object lesson and a discussion of what the Bible says about Carmel-by-the-Sea.

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*for a Christmas Gift?*

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# THE CARMEL CYMBAL

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VOLUME II NUMBER 23
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1926

## *Notes and Comment*

IT MAY take Charlie van Riper a long time to get his municipal tennis courts, but along the road of his endeavor he apparently means to leave no stone unturned or opportunity overlooked. He got in a pretty play for the courts in the Masons' Minstrel show the other night, and the response of the audiences indicated that he is not lacking in support. As has been shown there is no reason in the world why the city cannot find some means of providing a site for the public courts, and the matter of building them could come up for later consideration.

* * *

IT IS just possible that when the Encyclopedia Britannica people conceived the brilliant idea of offering the premium of a plum pudding with a set of Dickens they imagined some newspaper editor, priding himself on a sense of humor, taking the matter up as an oddity and thereby giving the offer some free publicity. Here goes for our offering of the free advertising. We consider the combination of the publishers something most acceptably unique. They advertise in a brochure which has reached some of the select on the mailing list in and around Carmel, a twenty-two volume set of Dickens, with the original illustrations, at a reduced rate and offer as an inducement to you to purchase them the free gift of a plum pudding, made by what is claimed to be a famous London firm of plum pudding manufacturers. Made in Piccadilly, mind you, and direct to your table from that illustrious spot of the world. Some people would enjoy a set of Dickens, but a set of Dickens with a plum pudding thrown in—who, pray tell, will resist that temptation. It was a stroke of genius—the conception of that selling scheme.

* * *

IF the audience at the third performance of the Masonic Club's "First Annual Frolic" was surprised at the excellence of the show, it also furnished those on the stage with a bit of a shock. At the great red, white and blue finale of the first part of the program, with the "entire cast" lustily singing "God's Country", soldiers at salute, Eva Bickle beautifully dominating the center of the stage in the robes of Columbia and the banner of the nation gently swaying over all in the prevalent breezes of "back stage", only about three members of that audience rose tremulously, but respectfully, from the comfort of the wicker chairs. There was no dearth of applause for the attractive, spectacular and patriotic scene on the stage, but the audience was content that the players should work themselves up into a patriotic frenzy; it saw no reason or occasion for it to do so.

It is reported that this little surprise party on the part of the audience furnished the spice of the evening for the Masons' players who, by Saturday night, were about fed up on the affair generally and were looking forward to George Ball's

(Turn to Page Thirteen)


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EVERYTHING
IN GIFTS—
LARGE AND
SMALL

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GOLDEN BOUGH

CARMEL

# A LONDON LETTER

## From JOAN RAMSAY

London, November, 1926

DEAR CYMBAL:

Here's some London news of various sorts for you. Everything goes on much as usual, in spite of the coal strike, which, like all things British, seems to be a permanent institution. We're rationed so much per week by Government permit, but there are coal bootleggers, whom its against the law to buy from, but who cruise the streets from house to house with their wagons, delivering a sort of hip-pocket variety. However, as I say, it's quite an institution now, and the English, although they grumble, are really getting a huge kick out of it all.

Went the other day on a friend's invitation to a private view of the thirty-sixth annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the Royal Academy. Many celebrities there, who were more interesting to look at than the portraits, although there were some good things. Dr. Hugh Hampton Young of Baltimore, by Sir William Orpen, several Laverys, a splendid black and white drawing of G. K. Chesterton, by Alfred Priest. As to the celebrities, one knew them by the extraordinary garments they wore. Pompous old dowagers in color combinations that were never seen on sea or land, and hats plumed like funeral barges. Gorgeous! and every one of them a Somebody. (The queerer the outfit, the bluer the blood.)

Saw "Berkeley Square" last night, at the St. Martin's Theatre. A rather unusual play that's been reviewed quite a bit both here and in New York. Or not so unusual perhaps, as differently worked out. The theme is the old one of the modern young American who finds himself transplanted in Time. Mark Twain did it in "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court". In this instance he goes back into the Eighteeenth Century, and the action all takes place in the drawing-room of the same house in Berkeley Square that he has inherited from English relatives, the descendants of the Eighteenth Century family among whom he finds himself. Of course, there result plenty of amusing situations, but the play is unlike others of the same theme in not being written as a comedy—there is no happy ending. The young American falls in love with a lovely young ancestress of his, and she with him, but although their love is great enough to exist in spite of and outside of Time, in the end they are separated—he is unable to live happily in the Eighteenth Century, nor is he able to bring her forward to the Twentieth with him, and the curtain falls on him alone in the present day Berkeley Square. A ghostly, vaguely disturbing and tragic play. It is well acted by a fine company. Jean Forbes-Robertson, daughter of "the" Forbes-Robertson, plays the Eighteenth Century girl. The play, the program says, is suggested by Henry James' "The Sense of the Past".

I was taken to the Poetry Bookshop, and introduced to Harold Munro, who brings out "The Chapbook" every year. A very gloomy gentleman—I was told afterwards that he's just had a nervous breakdown, and was relieved to hear it, for according to him there was no hope for anything over here in the poetry line, in spite of the famous Bookshop. Here, as everywhere else, it seems to be a dead loss. The Chapbook is not coming out this year—partly because the Bookshop has just moved into new quarters—partly because it was published at a loss last year.

Went down to Whitehall on the morning of the Eleventh to see the ceremonies at the Cenotaph. It was impossible to see anything, as Whitehall from Trafalgar Square to the Embankment was a solid black mass of people, but one could see the white shaft of the Cenotaph lifting above all the heads, and "hear" the Silence that came, tremendous and awesome, when Big Ben had boomed eleven. During the two minutes the sun, which had been in and out of the clouds all morning, came out full and strong and lit up the Ceno and the crowd. A happy omen for England! Then a gun was fired, and a bugle gave the "Last Post" and then Reveille. There was an endless wait while the different regiments placed their wreaths, and the King his, and then the crowd began to move in a steady flow past the Cenotaph, down Whitehall to the river. It was impossible to get out, once the move was started in that direction, and whether one wanted to or not, there was nothing else to be done. Such a slow inexorable march. It took the crowd exactly an hour to move one block. And such order—no impatience, no panic. People behaved as if they were in church. It was the most solemn, awe-inspiring thing I've ever seen. So different from the first Armistice Day in New York, when the people went mad with joy and excitement.

However, every-day London is gay and full of goings-on. The weather is unusually good, and every one's rejoicing. It isn't the Season, of course, and a good many people are away—on the Continent or various places—but that just makes it nice and not too crowded. But my heart's still true to California! Au revoir, and the best o' luck to The Cymbal, from

—JOAN RAMSAY

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# The Saga of Snik
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# G. B. STERN'S NEW BOOK AN INTERESTING SEQUEL

WASN'T it only about a year ago that "The Matriarch" by G. B. Stern appeared? And yet here is a sequel to that volume, a sequel as long and almost as intricate and bewildering as that first fascinating chronicle of the huge Rakonitz family. How does G. B. Stern do it? In "The Matriarch" there is a carefully worked out family tree in the back of the book to help you find your bearings in the maze of relationships, but there is none in "A Deputy Was King". It is true you don't actually need it, but this new book has the effect of making you long for its aid in order to return and sort out the background of vanishing characters.

"The Matriarch" gave, if I remember rightly, the complete history of the Rakonitzes with much brilliant detail of their splendor in the height of their glory and affluence. This glory has passed in "A Deputy Was King" and the romance of the huge European family is fast becoming a tradition. The matriarch passes on, and the family has for a time no head, no picturesque central figure. There are left only scattered remnants of its former impressive figures. "There was then no king in Edom: A deputy was king."

In modern London, young Toni Rakonitz of the present generation, in a fit of rebellion against the demands of family life in which she has smothered so long and tired of being an efficient business woman, marries a young Englishman, Giles Goddard who knows little of the Rakonitz tradition. "I'm marrying into a family of men, and none of them care geous? No women at all; no aunts, no geous? No women at al; no aunts, no grandmothers!" Toni explains exultingly to her cousin Val in announcing her marriage to Giles.

For some time after her marriage Toni plunges into a life of pleasure with a gay set of young people which keeps her too busy to give much thought to the members of the Rakonitz family—certainly not as much atttention as that family, with its characteristically intense interest and concern for the minutest details of every least member's doings, felt it had a right to expect. For a time Toni revels in being a Goddard and not a Rakonitz. Until another Rakonitz unexpectedly appears on the scene. Loraine Rakonitz, "the great-grand-daughter of Andreas Rakonitz, who was the fourth son of Simon and Babette", is the most colorful character in the book, and she and Toni are pitted against each other from the first meeting. The descendants of Andreas, who had gone to Spain many years back, had not been heard from until this sudden appearance of Loraine who wanted to take her place in the family, to "fulfill her furious longing to be identified with Rakonitz and Czelovar and Bettelheim; absorbed in their most minute interests; knit closely into the fabric where she belonged."

It is with her entrance that you get the first fastening of threads that finally draw Toni back into the family—and inevitably place her where she belongs, the new matriarch of the Rakonitz family. The process forms a narrative full of vivid characters and exciting events; and the gradual development of Toni's destiny is logically unrolled in G. B. Stern's most skillful manner. There are so many characters, so many incidents, so very much color, that an attempt to outline the book would be futile. It is something you must read yourself. But if "A Deputy Was King", I believe, just you haven't read "The Matriarch" I advise you to read it first. You will enjoy twice as much if you do. —D. C.

---

**LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—Nine-weeks old Irish terrier puppy, answers to the name of "Dinty", and a mourned pal of Sonny. C. S. Stinson, Monte Verde street, or Box 1016.**


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MORE ROOM
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# TRY AND FIND ROMANCE

WE had just seen that pleasant German film, "A Waltz Dream", with its scenes of Vienna, its unbounded gaiety, its catching at the true spirit of Vienna. There was a memory of the Blue Danube Waltz in the air, and romance, a romance that still lingers even in post-war Vienna, hung heavy over the heads of the departing audience. We trod toes with a friend, one who had been in Vienna too, and remarked, "Let's go back tomorrow." Of course, this was merely a whimsy, but our friend stared at us and remarked, "I never saw anything like that in Vienna." The reply startled us, shocked us to our romantic core. How could any one visit that charming capital of the waltz, even for a short time, and not fall naturally and easily into the gay, sparkling exuberance of the city?

Well, it only made us realize, a little sadly, perhaps, that we were romantic and unmodern. Imagine being young and romantic! No romance in Vienna? Then away with holes in Swiss cheese and knots in pretzels! Some may have thought the film an exaggeration of the real life, but to us, who had lingered and lived in Vienna, the flashing scenes in the Golden Bough only mirrored something of the city we had explored and loved. Yet there are people who can't understand why Carmel should have sidewalk cafes and bull fights in the streets, and soviets in the mind. This is not aimed at our friend who is ordinarily quite intelligent and receptive, but merely at the state of mind that shuns romance and the glamor of muted strings. For to us, sunk before the appalling fact that to express emotion is to commit oneself to eternal damnation in the eyes of the moderns, there is little that life can hold, if not the memory of adventurings around hidden corners, of probings into the hearts of cities replete with color, of living merely for the curiosity of what will happen next.

And that's the lovely thing about Vienna. There lies adventure, the chance to remember beauty. In the kaffeehaus, steamy with the aroma of Vienna coffee and the sturdy smell of tobacco smoke, one may sink into a nice absorption, untouched by time. Before one, on the little table, a pile of Viennese pastry may disappear automatically, the hand stir the whipped cream into the coffee cup, without the feeling of haste that seizes one almost anywhere else. Life is placid, comfortable, bay-windowish.

And then, perhaps, a drama at your elbow. Someone's lover is jealous; a war of words, of crisp replies. There is a vacancy at the elbow, and the waiters smile discreetly at a couple retreating angrily through the door.

There is mystery in the kaffeehaus, the mystery of people. The same curious men sitting day by day in the same seats, reading newspapers with minute scrutiny. Who are these, what do they do, what do they think? Human relationship comes close to one through the friendly, scented warmth of the rooms.

And then the beer gardens with their spring wine, the perspiring bands playing divine music, the soft chatter of friendly lovers, the laughter of waitresses flirting with their customers. The music is soft under the spring night, the trees are heavy with buds, and the wine arbors give off the sweetness of unbottled delights.

Out of date, you say? What has the kaffeehaus, the beer garden, the quarrels of your neighbors to do with romance, adventure? That all depends. Adventure is purely a personal equation; romance, a willingness to believe.

CHARLOT

---

**FOUND—A brindle bull terrier puppy is now waiting for its owner to come and take him home. Apply at Boarding Kennels or phone the Seven Arts.**

---

*Wrought Iron*

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IT'S ON NOW

***Eliot & Marian***

# MASONS DO MANY INEXPLICABLE THINGS

WITH George Ball appearing on the stage of the Theatre of the Golden Bough and the name of Murphy mixed up with the program, who is it dares to stand forth and say that the Masonic Club of Carmel has not accomplished something politically, socially and theologically with its first Annual Frolic? And if that were not enough to make the thing an event, the Masons stretched a few points, strained themselves, as it were, and presented for the enjoyment and amusement of the public of the peninsula a combined minstrel and vaudeville show that was a sight better than the average and not very far short of the perfection line.

Acording to the financial organization of the club, ruled and roted by none other than that denizen of the dollar—Bill Kibbler—the show was a success on the rise of the curtain the first night, and the other two performances were in the manner of velvet, as the vulgar express it.

That shouldn't be the first consideration, but so often is, to the detriment of the entertaining propensities of a program, and yet, despite the financial success, the Masons' frolic was a highly commendable affair. This was due not alone to the rank and file of the club organization itself, but to the untiring efforts and flashes of genius mixed into the thing by Frank Sheridan, Charlie Van Riper, Thomas Vincent Cator and a few others who leaped early into the harness in the first, dark days of the initial rehearsals.

And one wonders, after hearing the jibes and jabes that were shot out over the footlights by virtue of a dramatic license that goes automatically with minstrel shows, whether anything will come of the suggestions which the players dared to make. One wonders whether shaving it off will do any good, whether one will somehow manage to get a better automobile as a more appropriate atmosphere, and if the grocery business is actually to become a twenty-four hour affair. One wonders, but, as the tent manufacturer had it, one must come out by the same gate he crashed.

And there was a whole cargo of surprises dumped on the populace at that Masonic Frolic. How many of you who, like us, have rushed into the arms of Charles Berkey at 10 in the morning with almost enough to meet an overdraft, ever dreamed that behind that sweet smile of thank you in the name of T. A. Work was a voice that actually could sing? Who ever dreamed that the man who took to his bed and let his drug business lapse for three whole days when the California Bears declared to the world that they had quit playing in the middle of the season—who ever dreamed that Staniford could warble? How many bets would any one have made that Bill Titmas knew one note from another? You wouldn't have believed it unless you had heard it, and it is not so certain even then, what with the burnt cork. It may have been Mr. Cator or Mr. McCormack all the time.

And doesn't Marian Todd make a charming boy? Frank Sheridan said that Helen Judson demanded that her partner be a girl dressed masculine because of the kissing business. But that's the bunk—Helen's been kissed by a boy—Eric Wilkinson's no girl and he kissed her in Dulcy.

And trekking back to singing, Sheridan who interlocuted for the minstrels, uncovered his talent in singing "Pomona" and the "company" did itself proud in

(Turn to Page Fifteen)

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# "CO-OPERATION IN OPPORTUNITY" IS WOMAN'S CLUB KEYNOTE

More than a hundred women rallied at the first open meeting of the new Carmel Women's Club at Pine Inn last Monday afternoon. "There are no problems in Carmel—or in life," said Mrs. Oliver Gale, the club's president, in her talk which launched the club as a factor in the life and development of Carmel. "There are only opportunities. Whatever seems to be a problem, when it is taken hold of, turns out to be only another chance to work out something better.

"So it is opportunity that we have before us here in Carmel. Opportunity which challenges the imagination and awakens the vision to views of a future community with all its past charms gathered up and treasured and pools of untouched possibilities to draw upon. The door has been flung wide open by events, and the Carmel Woman's Club, I believe and know, stands on the threshold of opportunity."

She spoke of the early beginnings of Carmel, "in amongst its pines and along its sandy slopes to the sea", and the spirit of the place "which must have been here from time immemorial." "That spirit need not be lost or diluted or destroyed in the growth that is inevitable," she said. Further developments ought not to be left entirely to chance, she pointed out. "Some sort of a program should be studied out which would preserve what we all recognize as its rare and peculiar charm, and that elusive quality which, for lack of a word that better expresses it, people call its 'difference'. It was this need, widely felt among the women, that called forth the club.

"What the women intend and hope to do, of course," she went on, "is, on the one hand, to focus and gather together for joint and directed activity all those individuals and unrecognized groups that have Carmel for a common purpose as well as a common residence, and, on the other, to co-operate with other organizations, official or unofficial, to the one end. Co-operation in opportunity should be, I think and is, our key-note and slogan."

The response to this platform, and to the program which has been developed and was presented to the women, for carrying it out, was hearty and unanimous. All, or nearly all, of those who filled the lobby of the Pine Inn to overflowing and were perched half way up the stairs enrolled themselves as members and signed up for one or more of the various departments already organized: The Civics Department, in charge of Dr. Amelia L. Gates, to work out the possibilities of Carmel and formulate a program of preservation and progress; the Education section, with Mrs. Hermann Spoehr as chairman; the Dramatics section under Mrs. Louise Walcott; the Literary and Music sections; the Nature Study Class, under Miss Elinore Smith; and the Gardening Group, under Miss Susan Kirk Davis. Mrs. John Jordan is the head of the Hospitality Committee, and Mrs. William Argo, chairman of the Publicity Committee.

One of the interesting features of the club is the Current Events Forum, under the direction of Miss Helen Rosenkrans, which will meet fortnightly on Thursday evenings with special speakers to discuss current events of the world. The Forum will be open to all, whether members of the club or not, and the men will be invited and expected. Miss Rosenkrans is a newspaper woman and magazine editor from the East and has conducted statewide current events forums. The time and place for the first meeting will be announced.

A department for the study and promotion of international relations is also being developed. Miss Anne Martin, regional director of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, who has just returned from Europe where she attended various conferences and congresses in the interests of peace, pointed out the opportunity and responsibility of women everywhere to work for the advance of peace throughout the world.

Speaking on the subject of "The Woman's Movement in Relation to International Affairs", she said that civilization developing under the leadership of men had failed to eliminate war; that the recent world war had almost destroyed European civilization, and that the next war, if it comes, will surely accomplish the destruction of civilized society, as it will be fought with the terrible new inventions of science that will wipe out not only armies, but whole cities and populations. She described women as the one great untapped source of spiritual and civic power, which might help to eliminate war and save the world, since the man-state had failed to do it. She said that women of twenty-four countries, organized by Miss Jane Addams into the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, has functioned for eleven years for world peace; that in the work already accomplished they have developed a new spirit in international affairs, and are developing a new technique for achieving positive good. These convictions have challenged the thinking womanhood of the world.

Miss Martin closed her speech by telling of the work of the United States Section of the League, along educational lines, for arbitration and disarmament, for disarming the mind of youth by preventing the extension of military training in schools and colleges. She spoke of the influential work for peace being done by the League of Women Voters and the National Federation of Women's Clubs, and her gratification that a department for the study of international relations has been established in the Carmel Women's Club.

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Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Nixon and the Misses Mildred and Dorothy Nixon have returned from Oakland where they were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Earl Moore, who motored back to Carmel with the Nixons.

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### TRAIN SCHEDULES

Leaving Monterey

6:29 a.m.—For San Francisco. (Connects at Del Monte Junction with pullman car train from the South.)
9:05 a.m.—Del Monte Express for San Francisco.
10:10 a.m.—For Los Angeles. (Change at Del Monte Junction.)
3:15 p.m.—For San Francisco.
6:50 p.m.—For San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Ariiving at Monterey

7:55 a.m.—From San Francisco and Los Angeles.
11:45 a.m.—From San Francisco.
6:25 p.m.—Del Monte Express from San Francisco.
8:18 p.m.—From Los Angeles.
9:45 p.m.—From San Francisco.

### CARMEL BUSSES

Leave Carmel. (Stage depot at San Carlos and Ocean Avenue.) 8 a.m., 9:20 a.m., 11 a.m. 2:30 p.m., 5 p.m.
Leave Monterey 8:20 a.m., 12 m., 3:30 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

### STATE BUSSES

Leave Monterey

For San Francisco—8 a.m., 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 4:30 p.m. (via Santa Cruz.) For Santa Cruz only—7:15 p.m.
For Salinas—(Connecting with busses to points north and south.) 8 a.m., 9:55 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 4 p.m. (Sundays—9 a.m., 1 p.m., 5 p.m.

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## *Notes and Comment*

(Continued from Page Five)

judicial decision that would ring down the curtain on the "First Annual Frolic".

And on Ocean avenue later, in comment on the event, there were repeatd the sotiresome stories of hats being knocked off when they had not been raised on past occasions at the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner", or at the passing of "the colors". Someone was even more specific and local with the assertion that a member of the cast had remarked on the fall of the curtain that he would have liked to have "been out there with pins—he'd make 'em get up".

What a silly bunch of rot! The Masonic show was not a patriotic thermometer, no matter how much some would like to have had it considered so. This is not 1917 and there is no empty call at present for making the "world safe for democracy". There was no occasion for swearing or re-swearing an allegiance to the flag or the country or the country's principles or the country's mistakes. An audience in Daly City, or Martinez—probably in Los Angeles—would have undoubtedly leaped to its feet and it would have been an audience that contained a majority of persons whose respect for things was limited to a frightened homage to the flag as a matter of expediency. It is so often and so pitifully the case that the bruiser who leaps to to his feet at the first strains of a patriotic song, or at the view of the flag a half mile down the street, so often further demonstrates his breeding and exclusive value to the community by knocking off the hat of somebody who is not so ridiculously fervent as he is. His respect for women, the peace and comfort of others, general decency, is not nearly so great as this empty display of patriotism, and he is on most occasions a consumer of his meals by the means and instrument of his knife.

Someday, when we get this country and its flag actually to mean something to us, there will be less vapid patriotic demonstration and more tangible and important mass contributions to the nation's welfare.

## SO MUCH FOR THE MOVIES

(From the New Yorker)

JUST a few weeks ago the motion picture industry stepped forward, told its story, and explained itself. The new Paramount Theatre opened, and behind its opening lay every aid that money and position could procure. The tools to fashion the perfect gesture were at hand. Let us peer at the result.

With the help of the most advanced engineering skill the building rears itself as an architectural insult to one's sense of stability. Within the auditorium glistens like jewelry in a Fourteenth Street store window, tawdry, and tasteless. Standing out to assault the eye are painted and gilt, glass whatnots, and some lonely statues, and in almost every nook and corner glow lights throwing a hideous combination of pink and purple into the air. And over all this is the accentuation of immensity. In the lobby—The Hall of Nations—this size bears down on the judgment, and one leaves it gasping by its employment of marble, and staircases, and bright, bright lights. Here the industry makes its bow to other and less spectacular appeals to the mind. There had to be Art, and, like the setting the Art must be placed in, it had to be in a big way, so a hundred or so paintings by the lesser masters of the brush are hung rather pitifully around. And behind them can be heard the mutter of the greater masters of the cinema—"Good stuff, Art." The "crossroads of the world" being the location of this display, the world had to have a showing too, and so the industry reached out and chipped something from the Cathedral of Rheims, the Dublin Post Office, the grave of a long since departed Maya Indian, the White House, the—I forgot what—from some obscure town in some obscure country, and other things. These have been cemented into a gold mosaic background, and one stands and gazes too stunned by its absurdity to comment.

Then the performance that gave this to our city. Across the sidewalks kept free of wayfarers by the police marched an audience that ran from Mayor Walker, and Otto Kahn, and Fannie Hurst down—or am I presumptuous to imagine that the roll call of such an audience could run down? They came to listen to the usual speeches, to hear the "1812" overture run ragged, to watch and listen to one interminable item after another, to sit while a dull pageant symbolizing the upward and onward march of the industry was marred by improper manipulation of the curtains, and to leave during the show of "God Give Me Twenty Cents," a smooth and mediocre picture, which completed the program. They watched the industry epitomize itself.

Never before has been so amply demonstrated the complete mental inability of the cinema to employ the materials within its reach. All its money, and power, and mechanical and technical ingenuity were displayed, and in plain relief against them were the vulgarity, stupidity, and absence of any sense of values to be found in those who endeavor to make use of them.

—O. C.

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## MURDERS, ALL KINDS

Murderers, all kinds from college professors to sea captains, are the subject of Edmund Pearson's new book, "Murder at Smutty Nose and Other Murders," which lish on November nmIN*w et ETAeta Doubleday, Page and Company have just recently published. Since his earlier book "Studies in Murder" Mr. Pearson has been collecting facts about extraordinarv murder cases, most of them American, which have been tried during the past hundred years. Six of them are within the memory of persons now living. These stories are not scientific essays on criminology, but narraatives of what the murderers did, why, so far as one can discover, and what happened to them afterward. Mr. Pearson makes some interesting deductions as to the motives which inspired these crimes. The table of contents sounds like an amusing list of hair-raising dime novels, for Mr. Pearson has preserved the spirit of the times in title and illustrations. Afew of them are: "The Learned Murderer; or Rullof the Philologist", ""The Sixth Capsule; A Detective Story", America's Classic Murder; or, The Disappearance of Dr. Parkman", Lost Shepherds; or, Clergymen Astray."

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Guests at La Playa are: Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Badge, Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. William Badge, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Moins and son, J. S. Bellack, B. H. Bellack, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Coleman, Mr. Walter Leavey, Pasadena; J. L. Foth-Chicago; Frank L. Wood, San Francisco; erse, Los Angeles; Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Edwards, Oakland; Mrs. C. L. Beardy, Berkeley; Mrs. MacBride, San Antoni; Mr. and Mrs. Beerdy, BerKeley; Helen Lee, M. D., San Jose; Katherine E. Ross, Donald R. Lee, San Jose.

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A PLEASING SOUVENIR FULL OF INFORMATION

# MINSTRELS

(Continued From Page Ten)

backing him up. This was the crowning vocal number of the evening, not excepting "God's Country" which was effective, and a good closing piece, but merely, after all, a lot of red, white and blue pap. And, by the way, Sheridan wrote the words and music for "God's Country", sometime back in the years when patriotic fervor was running a close second to influenza as an epidemic.

Eva Bickle was in herself a quite beautiful and delightful figure all done up in the colors as the central piece in the rah-rah.

given over to a sort of vaudeville, the high

In the second half of the program, lights were furnished by the singing and dancing of Leonardo Munzo, the charming dancing of Ruth Austin, the astonishing grace and agility of Frank Murphy, the daring comedy of Bill Titmas and Bill Durham, and the climacteric "Order in the Court", evolved by Charlie Van Riper. Charlie took a prominent part in this skit and it went over large. It was a clever piece of work and, as some one said with an original expression, was "alone worth the price of admission".

It is hoped that in giving its show the name of the "First Annual Frolic", the Masonic Club of Carmel means it.

—W. K. B.

## BILLY THE KID IN PARIS

American history as it is recounted in French dime novels is fearful and wonderful, according to Gordon L. Tracy, who tells in the Sunday World some of the amusing fallacies of the French scribes. Billy the Kid, the romantic young bandit of New Mexico, whose biography was recenly written by Welter Noble Burns, is known in French as Billy the Goat and is pictured as the worst fiend that ever lived. His biographer and the good sheriff assert that Sheriff Pat Garrett shot Billy, but the French author says that Billy hanged Pat.

"It seems that Billy decided there were too many honest men in Arkansas," says Mr. Tracy in his article, "among them Mr. Garrett, and that the best thing to do would be to hang the whole crowd. He posted two notices on the sheriff's door.

"The first notice announced that Billy the Kid had condemned to death, 'Pat Garrett and the honest men of the Committee of Vigilance.' The second fixed the date for the hanging of Pat.

"This was too much for Pat. He barricaded himself in his house, and sent a secret emissary to Fort Laramie (In Wyoming!) to bawl for reinforcements. They arrived too late to save Pat, who had been hanged a couple of weeks before, but in time to see Buffalo Bill officiate at the hanging of the Kid in Benton, Arkansas.

"'Thus ended one of the most sinister bandits that ever infested the prairies of Colorado,' says the author.

"Colorado, as far as any one can maks out, is any place west of the Mississippi."

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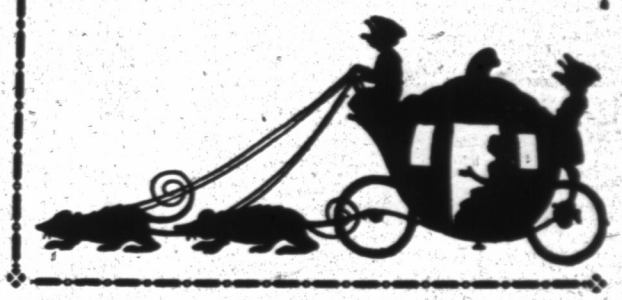

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# SALLIE SUCCEEDS

"Just a gift from God."

In this wise did Sallie Maxwell explain the qualifications by which she has assumed to step into the most efficient and dancing shoes of Kitty Wilkinson as a partner of Kissam Johnson in the conduct of Kays.

Sallie had been asked where she acquired her culinary (if that's what you call it) talent. Her answer is given the justifiable importance of a single sentence, forming a single paragraph, at the head of this piece.

Everybody's sorry that Kitty is going, but as long as one half of the perfect combination has remained and Sallie has the something that re-creates the perfection of the other half, we, as the common people say, should worry.

---

## FIRE UNDERWRITER PRAISES CARMEL'S FIRE DEPARTMENT

Percy C. Garnett, manager of the Board of Fire Underwriters of the Pacific, and Mrs. Garnett, were Carmel visitors this week. Garnett, accompanied Fire Chief Robert Leidig to the meeting of the board of trustees when it was thought the proposed fire ordinance would be taken up for consideration. The matter was laid over, however, until the next meeting of the board, December 20.

In discussing the matter of fire protection here, Garnet complimented the volunteer fire department of Carmel under Chief Leidig and declared that although it was most efficient there is necessary here more extensive equipment and, especially, an ordinance which would reduce the danger of fire through the cooperation and vigilance of the public.

---

# THE YE'S HAVE IT

(From The New Yorker)

There is no justice in this world. The store whose name I considered an epitome of the History of the United States, has passed out of existence. It was called

THE RADIO SHOPPE

and Lexington avenue in the Fifties is the duller for its passing.

But elsewhere in town the ye-virus is still flourishing. Not your ordinary Ye Olde Mills and Ye Oldey Choppey Houseys, but good substantial Ye's that tell you something and make your whole day bright. What this virus is, what the active germinal element in it contains, has never been discovered, but it affects people in all walks of life, from Ye Appetite Luncheon at 80 Nassau Street, to Ye London Dog and Bird Shoppe, Incorporated, right on Fifth Avenue. Of course, shoppes and places to graze have a claim on the Ye's, since they are all named after such good old sturdy landmarks as The Boot Shop, The Saddlery Shop, The Cock Tavern, and The Cheshire Cheese. Ye Eat Shoppe, either plain on Eighth Avenue or Incorporated at 307 West 125th Street, is in the good old tradition, and Ye Old Times Manufacturing Corporation (in the absence of further clues, I gather that it is in the business of creating a usable past) also comes naturally by its name. Nor do I count in among the extravagant Ye's the good Brooklyn laundryman, Charlie Yee, nor the unoccupied, purely residential Gaw Yee, who is also of Brooklyn.

I am interested in the outstanding Ye's, such as Ye Olde Record Binding Company, in Ye Shoppe which casts discretion to the winds and calls itself "Quaint". I am disappointed to find no Ye Movie Palace, no Ye Olde Forde Garagey. But there are compensations, in the suburbs and at home. For, in the heart of Newark you will find

Ye Olde Staten Island Dyeing
and Cleaning Establishment

and, God Bless New York itself, never behind anyone, at 250 West Fifty-seventh Street there is, according to the telephone book, no less than

Ye Olde New York Branch
United Master Butchers Asso-
ciation of America,
Incorporated.

—MARTIN MARTEN

## HENDRIK HAGEMEYER DIES FOLLOWING AUTO ACCIDENT

Funeral services were held in San Francisco last Saturday for Hendrik Hagemeyer who died on the previous day as the result of injuries received in an automobile accident near Salinas. Mr. Hagemeyer was 38 years old and a native of Holland. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Dora Hagemeyer, and two sons, David and Max. He was one of Carmel's fine men.


FREDRIK RUMMELLE

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